



WRIGLEY'S

The Flavor Lasts!

Rosy cheeks, bright teeth, good appetites and digestions—yes, the reward for the regular use of Wrigley's is benefit as well as pleasure!

Sealed Tight—Kept Right

Write Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Chicago, for free copy of the Wrigley Gum-ption Book.



"Chew it after every meal!"

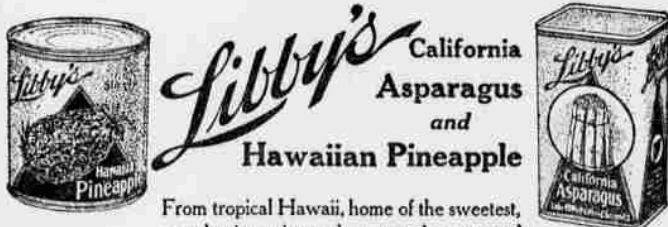
The main reason why some people are not as wicked as others is because they had not the same chance!

Greenheart wood from British Guiana is said to outlast iron or steel when used under water.

Of all animals dogs appear to evince the keenest musical susceptibility.

France is the best cultivated country in Europe.

Table Dainties from Sunny Climes



From tropical Hawaii, home of the sweetest, most luscious pineapple, comes the one; and California, where the tenderest asparagus grows, supplies the other. The Libby care and cleanliness back of both is a warrant of a product that will please you. Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

A poet says that hunger acts as a stimulant to original thought.

One-third of the employees of shoe factories in this country are women.

Rabbit fur is said to be supplanting wool in felt-hat making in Australia.

Synthetic milk is being produced from peanuts by European chemists.

Nut Cake

is simply delicious when made with

KG BAKING POWDER

Pure—Healthful—Economical

The highest grade of baking powder possible to buy and your money refunded if it fails to satisfy. Ask your dealer.

Jaques Mfg. Co., Chicago



When You Follow The Trail Go Equipped With

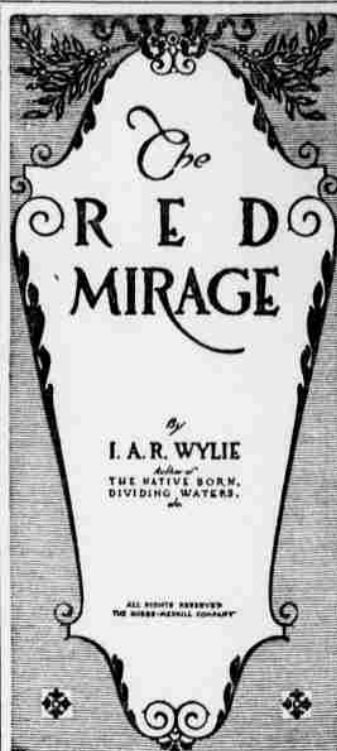
WINCHESTER

Guns and Ammunition

Made for all kinds of shooting

SOLD EVERYWHERE

ASK FOR THE W BRAND



THE RED MIRAGE

I. A. R. WYLLIE

THE NATIVE BORN, DIVIDING WATERS.

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THE RED MIRAGE COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

—17—

Sylvia Ormeau, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston, a I.O.U. returned to him. Sower forces Farquhar to resign his commission. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud, Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar promises to have stolen war plans. As Richard Nameless joins the Foreign Legion, Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destinn and is shot down by jealous of Farquhar and in shot down by him. Arnaud goes to a dancing girl who loves him for comfort. Gabrielle meets Lowe, for whom she had sacrificed position and reputation, and tells him she is free from him. Sylvia meets Destinn behind the mosque. Arnaud becomes ill but Sylvia will not help him, nor interfere for Farquhar. Gabrielle, aiding Farquhar, who is under punishment, is mistaken by him for a messenger to Destinn. Arnaud, a messenger to Destinn, is mistaken by him for a messenger to Destinn. Arnaud, a messenger to Destinn, is mistaken by him for a messenger to Destinn.

"We can't help our relatives, but thank heaven we can choose our friends," is a sentiment voiced by many persons. Richard Farquhar, in great trouble, has cause to appreciate and cherish the love of his friends for him and to loathe his kin.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I stole these," he said. I thought they would be my last. I was mistaken apparently. Am I to thank you?" "Give me a cigarette instead." Their faces were close together. The red glow of their cigarettes burned between them, and they looked each other in the eyes. Then a hand was stretched out and touched Farquhar's with an almost feminine gentleness. "Is there anything I can do for you when we get back? Any message?" "Yes—I should be grateful. Will you go to Madame Arnaud? Ask for her companion—Miss Smith—a little countrywoman of mine. Will you tell her—how it happened?" "I promise you, Nameless." Farquhar bowed his head for a moment.

"Tell her the mirage was not so splendid as the truth." The night deepened with the silence. They had forgotten that their hands were still clasped together. Like children they dreamed old dreams and trod old paths. The dawn broke, and instinctively their eyes sought the west. Amid the golden clouds drifting from the horizon the night had built a city of temples and palaces, domed with silver, whose pale ethereal minarets and glowing cupolas reached up into the translucent light of morning. For a moment or two it brightened the slender outlines strengthening almost to reality—then faded—and as the sun rose passed wholly into the vacant day. "Mirage!"

Goats rose slowly and stiffly. "The mirage is gone," he said. He pointed then to something moving swiftly over the wide sweep of plain. "Colonel Destinn's calculated within the hour," he said. "There are the chausseurs."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Return.

In the softly-lighted courtyard of the Hotel de France a newly-imported Ziegner Kapelle was playing the waltz from Hoffman's "Erzählungen." Sylvia Arnaud, a red and gold Carmen, danced joyously to the slow graceful strains, and her partner smiled down into her face, upturned and brilliantly lovely in its sheer ecstasy of living. "Look at that queer old lady with the white wig! Is she a masquerade? And that funny, gray little thing beside her! I call them the Proprietaries. What are they doing here?" "How should I know?" Sylvia returned with sudden impatience. As they passed on Mrs. Farquhar turned and touched Gabrielle on the arm. "Sylvia has just seen us," she said. "I have spoiled the evening for her. It was worth while coming. She tried to laugh at me with that young fool, but she couldn't. She is beginning to be afraid. If Richard dies I shall haunt her till she goes mad."

In the courtyard of the hotel two more or less intoxicated pierrots danced a cancan to the delicious plaudits of an audience themselves overcome by the heat and passion that hung heavy in the night air. Sylvia Arnaud clapped her hands like a child. The noise of the dancing and music reached the lighted room that faced out on the avenue. At his place by the window Stephen Lowe seemed plunged in his own thoughts, and the man in evening dress who stood with his clenched hand on the table stamped impatiently.

"Are you listening, Mr. Lowe?"

"Yes, yes, I am listening. I heard everything you said. Sower was cashiered. I am not surprised. His profession was his tragedy. He would have made an admirable company promoter, but the lack of being an honest gentleman was too much for him. You say he has committed suicide. Have you come all this way to tell me of poor Sower's more or less providential escape, Mr. Preston?"

The young man crimsoned, but answered steadily. "You were his friend."

A faint ironical smile crept over Lowe's suffering features. "I was Sower's partner," he said quietly. "You were Farquhar's friend. You chose to act with us against him—of your own free will. There was a compact, an understanding. The whole scene that night was a farce, a little play-acting with you as an unconscious actor. Farquhar intervened. He blundered recklessly, but he spoiled our plans."

"You scoundrel!" "Yes, I am a scoundrel," Lowe said simply; "but do not trouble to murder me. That would get you into difficulties, and it is not necessary." He touched himself lightly on the chest. "I have something here which will flush me off in a month or two—less pleasantly than you would do. That is why I care not at all how much or how little you know. The partnership is ended—and I am going out of business." He laughed sardonically and turned back to the window. The crowd beneath had broken up and fallen back on either side beneath the trees of the avenue, and from the distance there sounded a dull rhythmic beat and the ominous rattle of drums. "The Legion has returned," Lowe said quietly. "Do you want to see the saddest sight on earth, Mr. Preston?"

The young man drew nearer, reluctant yet fascinated. His hands were no longer clenched. He was looking at the giant figure leaning negligently against the window edge as at something monstrous, incredible. "Have you no conscience—no remorse?" he said. "Oh, yes, Mr. Preston, a great deal." "Then pity my remorse. For God's sake—if you know—tell me why Farquhar did that thing—help me to understand."

The boyish passionate pleading caused Lowe to turn a moment. He smiled, and that faint glimmer of half-compassionate understanding was a light falling deep into a turbid stream—revealing many sunken, forgotten things. "Farquhar sacrificed himself," he said. "He resigned because Sower wished it. That seemed incredible. But Sower held the reins. There was an old tragedy which he used for his own ends—the tragedy of his father's death and of Captain Farquhar's disappearance."

The roll of drums was close at hand, and a woman's note of laughter dotted up birdlike from the slobber-flouring tide of sound. "Lowe turned back to the window. "You see, Sower miscalculated," he went on. "He was a Jew from God knows where, and he lost his sense of patriotism. He did not understand this red-hot love of one's birthplace. He did not understand the reckless temperament of the man with whom he was dealing. Are you beginning to understand, Mr. Preston?"

"Yes, I am beginning to understand," Preston said dully. "And then?" "Then history repeated itself—not in incident, but in character. Robert Sower tried to be the honorable gentleman; he tried even, strange as it may seem, to gain Farquhar's friendship. He failed, and then—you remember that scene at the card tables? That decided him. Blood and instinct were too strong. He turned and used his power."

Lowe stepped out on to the balcony, and bent forward with his elbows on the rail, watching the dense company of chausseurs force their way through the restless crowd. The clash of the band was already fainter. The chausseurs stole now in silence, and once more the dull monotonous tread predominated, strangely, persistently ominous. "You know where Farquhar is?" Preston said imperatively. "You know what has become of him?" "Perhaps—I am not sure."

"If you know remorse you must wish to atone," Preston said hoarsely. "A scoundrel, at the end of his day's work, has much to atone for," was the abstract answer. "I have chosen my atonement, Mr. Preston. All atonement is inadequate, but mine shall be made—for my greatest wrong, at whatever cost—" He broke off. "The Legion," he said quietly.

Preston did not speak, silenced against his will by the scene beneath him. The dancers from the hotel had swarmed up to the long lines of hanging lanterns at the edge of the garden. A clown climbed upon the stone parapet and was beating wildly, blithely on the heads of the crowd with his bladder, shouting a witticism at each laughing victim. But beyond a thin dark stream flowed from the darkness into the light and from light back into darkness. They were grotesque figures—hideous, pitiable. These also were figures of carnival—but different. They marched four deep—a hundred of them. Their heads were bowed. Beneath the flare of lights each man seemed to shrink, to cover closer to his neighbor, like a herded terrified animal. And many stumbled. Preston

felt his hands tightened on the rails in front of him. "A few yards behind the last line a spahi rode alone. A short rope was attached to his saddle—and to a man who stumbled at his horse's heels. The rope was round his neck; his hands were bound behind him, and the broken link of a chain clanked in the sudden stricken stillness. His kept had been knocked off, and every line in that gaunt quiet face was visible. As though blinded by the sudden light, he reeled and was jerked brutally to his knees. A woman laughed hysterically. Instantly he had recovered. And in that recovery, that quiet acceptance of a crowning humiliation there was a dignity, a courage that held the crowd a moment longer in awestruck silence. "God in heaven—Farquhar!" Lowe nodded.

"You know now," he said. "You know that your atonement has come too late." The tragic figure passed on; an officer on horseback rode into the light, and the crowd stirred in restless relief. But above that sudden wave of movement, above the clown's half-ashamed burst of reconquered merriment there sounded a cry—a muffled wail of incredulous agony. The officer turned in his saddle. Sylvia Arnaud, in the front row of the masques, waved to him. He did not look at her, and she glanced impatiently at the boy-Mephistopheles beside her. "What was that? Didn't you hear?" he laughed.

"Someone fainting. That queer old lady with the white wig, I believe. You're not frightened?" "Oh, no—no!" "Of course not. One gets accustomed to that sort of thing here, does one not? A runaway legionary! Who cares?" He offered her his arm with an elaborate bow. "May we not go on dancing, Carmen?"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Last Offer.

The long low-built room was full of sunshine. It poured in through the half-opened shutters and danced on the whitewashed walls and on the long deal table with its litter of maps and documents. The doors at the far end were thrown open, and two soldiers with fixed bayonets took up their posts on either hand. A few minutes later a group of officers followed. They were six in number—two lieutenants, three captains and a major. They belonged to the same regiment. They exchanged desultory remarks, and from time to time one or another of them glanced at the map.

A moment later the sentries presented arms and Colonel Destinn entered. All six men sprang to their feet. There was more than formal military courtesy in that simultaneous movement. Their eyes were fixed on his face as on some feared and incalculable oracle. "Pray be seated, gentlemen."

He took his place in the midst of them beneath the two tricolors draped perfunctorily over a miniature and emblematic bust of the republic. "Bring in the prisoner," he said sharply.

The sentries repeated the order, and in the brief interval that followed the six men relapsed into their former attitude of languid indifference. The two younger officers exchanged whispered comments, and one of them laughed.

The door opened and a sergeant entered, followed by two corporals and a man whose hands and feet were chained. There was a short silence. The sergeant made an authoritative gesture, and the man was thrust forward and the door closed again, shutting out the brief glimpse of sunlight courtyard.

"The prisoner's number?" "The sergeant drew out a bulky document from between the buttons of his tunic. "No. 4005, called Richard Nameless of the First Regiment, the Eleventh company."

"The accusation?" "Conspiracy and mutiny on the field." "Any previous record?" "No, my colonel, but marked as a dangerous character." "Very well, sergeant. You can stand back."

The man saluted and retired a few paces, leaving his prisoner alone, facing the table. Colonel Destinn looked up. As his eyes met the prisoner bowed, gravely, without the prisoner's own strangely well. Colonel Destinn's outstretched hands were clenched, and the knuckles stood out white and polished as marble. There was no trace of emotion on the implacable features, and his voice sounded formal and indifferent. "In the ordinary course of events this case would go to the court at Oran," he said. "But I have received instructions from General Meunier to deal with all such offenses summarily. There have been signs of unrest in the Legion. General Meunier demands that an example should be made."

The major nodded. "It's essential to discipline," he murmured vaguely.

Does Colonel Destinn know that he is about to pass sentence on his own son? In case he learns, do you believe the knowledge will alter the severity of his judgment?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AERO PILOT KNOWS THRILLS

Probably No Occupation on Earth Can Compare With the Excitement of His Work.

The work of the pilot of an aeroplane is a ticklish profession. The engine needs constant watching, the controls by which he dips or soars need skilful handling, and the ailerons have to be manipulated. In a lot of machines the pilot has to use his back, his hands, and his feet to keep his frail-looking craft on an even keel. From below an aeroplane seems to be forging ahead as steady as a rock, but in the pilot's seat the rocking is terrible even on calmest days.

Guns or no guns, the pilot is compelled at times to fly low, so as to enable his observer to spy out the enemy, or any other information he has been commanded to procure. Photos, sketches, and notes have to be made by the observer, and at a low altitude within range of an enemy's guns the pilot has all his work cut out to avoid the bursting shells. There is another danger in flying low; as it is the pressure of air upon the forward edge of the planes that keeps the machine aloft, there is always the danger of flying into an air-pocket, or of encountering a cross-current; and either of these aerial dangers will send the machine hurtling to earth, where either death or capture lurks.

King George of England recently gave a party in his palace to 1,000 wounded soldiers and sailors.

On the Warpath.

Auto Dealer—Do you know how many cars I have sold this week? New Clerk—Seventeen. Auto Dealer—See here, have you been looking into the books? New Clerk—No, sir. Auto Dealer—Then how did you guess it exactly? New Clerk—Because there have been just that many looking for you this afternoon with blood in their eyes. —Puck.

Call a man a diplomat, instead of a liar, and he will be pleased. Yet it amounts to the same thing!

The man who weds an old flame often finds that she has a red hot temper.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers.

The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas shoes is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

"How much does it cost you to run this yacht, old chap?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't do it."—Life.

SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is needless to suffer—go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This prescription was used by Dr. Kilmer in his private practice and was so very effective that it has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, 50c and \$1.00, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Siam's rosewood forests have been heavily overexploited. The government is now protecting them.

BAD COMPLEXION MADE GOOD

When All Else Fails, by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If you are troubled with pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, itching and burning, which disfigure your complexion and skin, Cuticura Soap and Ointment will do much to help you. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

"Math."

Pop—Are you familiar with mathematics? Wensel—Sure; I call 'em "Math" for short.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

It would be a better world if all in it who lose their tempers would never find them!

New York receives weekly from 125 to 175 carloads of chickens, averaging 20,000 pounds to the car.

Red Cross Bag Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

COULDN'T BREAK UP SYSTEM

Johnson Preferred to Get Wet Rather Than Disturb the Routine He Had Established.

Johnson is a great believer in system. He eats system, breathes system, thinks system, talks system and sleeps systematically. His rule of living is as exact and unyielding as the rule of three. On the first tap of the twelve o'clock bell he rises from his desk, on the second tap he closes the lid, on the third he is donning his overcoat and hat, and the twelfth stroke finds him on the sidewalk proceeding lunchward.

The other day a friend observed him walking toward home in a hard rain from which he was entirely unprotected by raincoat or umbrella. "Hey, Johnson!" cried the friend, haven't you any umbrella?" "Yes, two of them," was the reply. "Why in thunder don't you use one of them, then?"

"Well, you see, it's this way: I've made it a rule to keep one umbrella at the office and one at home, so that I'll be sure always to have one at either end of the line when it rains. If I should take one now from the office to my home, they'd both be at my home, don't you see, and that'd break up my system."

Devout Wish.

MacQuirk—Yes, sir, my wife always finds something to harp on.

MacShirk—I hope mine does, too.

MacQuirk—What makes you say you hope she does?

MacShirk—She's dead. —London Opinion.

SKINNER'S

THE HIGHEST QUALITY SPAGHETTI

36 Page Recipe Book Free

SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A.

LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. It is to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. It is to keep the hair from falling out.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

One Who Doesn't Worry.

Miss Paul—Grace doesn't obey anybody.

Miss Pry—No; she doesn't even mind her own business.—Town Topics.

The turtle is slow, but he gets there in time for the soap.

A GRATEFUL OLD LADY.

Mrs. A. G. Clemens, West Alexandria, Pa., writes: I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, also Diamond Dinner Pills. Before using them I had suffered for a number of years with backache, also tender spots on spine, and had at times black floating specks before my eyes. I also had lumbago and heart trouble. Since using this medicine I have been relieved of my suffering.

Mr. A. G. Clemens writes: I am glad to have an opportunity to say to all who are suffering as I have done that I obtained relief by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved, 50c per box.—Adv.

Birthday Not Important.

Katherine, four, was to present Uncle Joe with a pair of crocheted slippers for his birthday. Uncle Joe, as he thought, was past the age of birthdays, and in order to impress fully on his mind that we remembered it, we had carefully drilled Katherine to say: "This is for your birthday, Uncle Joe." The eventful day arrived, and Katherine, with the package under her arm, was finally asked, "Now, Katherine, what will you tell Uncle Joe this is for?" "For his feet, of course," she said, and turned her head away in the most unconcerned manner.

A Massacre.

I saw it hobbling down a flight of steps, slushed and torn to shreds. Barely enough was left to hold the shreds together. It was a pitiful sight. My curiosity was aroused.

"What are you?" I asked, "and how came you in such horrible condition?" "I am a reputation," the wreck replied, "and I have just been released from a female bridge whist party."—Life.

No Mistakes.

"I don't believe that is a live wire." "Well, touch it if you want to be dead sure about it."

Post is largely used in stoking the railway engines of Sweden.

Friendship and confidence are plants of slow growth.

When The Doctor Says "Quit"

—many tea or coffee drinkers find themselves in the grip of a "habit" and think they can't. But they can—easily—by changing to the delicious, pure food-drink,

POSTUM

This fine cereal beverage contains true nourishment, but no caffeine, as do tea and coffee.

Postum makes for comfort, health, and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"